

A GUIDE
TO
THE GOLDEN CITY

BY R. CAMPBELL.

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A GUIDE

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GOLDEN CITY

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“The Street of the City was Pure Gold.”

—Rev.

All its streets are shining gold,

And its glory is untold—

Over there.

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INTRODUCTION.

In this humble treatise I have included portions of little Bible Talks and Addresses which it has been my privilege to give while on my travels.

Hoping they may prove to my reader friends as *CRUMBS FROM THE KING'S TABLE*, I now send them forth in their present form. That the Holy Spirit may water the seed sown in weakness, is my sincere desire and prayer.

Your humble servant,

London, August, 1889.

R. CAMPBELL.

P.S.—I have been connected with the Y.M.C. A., Toronto.

A GUIDE TO THE GOLDEN CITY.

First Step.

DEAR READER,—When God formed man He created him in His own image, and ushered him into life's rosy morning, possessed with holiness, purity and beauty. He placed him in a lovely and fragrant garden, and gave him access and liberty to everything within its beautiful bowers, with the exception of a single tree. God, in love and wisdom, did not create man until He had first prepared an abode for him. God called into existence, before man, the earth, the sun and moon, the cattle, the fish, the fowl, etc., all these God formed and prepared for the *use and comfort* of the man whom He was about to create. So that when man was formed and first opened his eyes he found himself in a WORLD OF BEAUTY, filled and flooded with *light*,

fragrant with herbs and trees, watered with sparkling water and alive with beautiful animals and fowls. Methinks I see Adam gaze with wondering eyes on every side as he *first* beholds all this lavish display of utility and grandeur by which he is surrounded. He gazes at the animals, he admires the trees, the river, the herbs, etc., and then looks up into the heavens above his head and gazes in admiration at the glorious sun which is flooding and filling the world with light and gladness. Methinks Adam, in his surprise and joy, wants to *tell it* to some one, but the cattle and the fowls do not understand either his joy or his language. Then God, as a further proof of His love and wisdom, forms for man A COMPANION and wife. And to this lovely companion he tells his happiness and mind.

In taking care of the beautiful garden in which God has placed him, the woman, his precious companion, like an angel friend, is almost ever by his side. She walks at his side as he moves from tree to tree, or, with careful hand, looks after the herbs or flowers. Her graceful form and manner cheers and blesses him as the happy days pass by.

But God, "whose the earth is and the fulness thereof," has a *special claim* upon a SINGLE TREE in all this great garden; therefore, He forbids His creature, man, to eat of the fruit of this *one single tree*. God allows Adam and his wife full

access and liberty to all the good things which the garden yields, but *exempts* for Himself a single tree. Soon, however, the man and wife are led by the insinuations of an enemy to partake of the forbidden fruit, and the sad consequence, which God had promised, now follows their act of disobedience. *Spiritual death* and darkness now comes over the once happy pair, for sin has blighted their day of glory, and covered them *with shame*.

Man having now *lost* the favor and *image* of God HIDES HIMSELF amongst the trees of the garden. (*This is like the sinner, he tries to get away from God.*) But God came into the garden and sought out the guilty pair, and, although He increased man's toil and allowed the earth to partake less fully of His blessings, yet He NOW BEGAN to manifest as never before the LOVE and tenderness of His heart toward man.

We see that man by transgression *lost the image* of God, and incurred his disfavor. Therefore, we find that when a son is born to Adam he is born not in the image of God (as was Adam, but in Adam's OWN (and now sinful image).—Gen. v., 3. And, my dear reader, from Adam's day until the present man has begotten children (not in God's image) but in their OWN IMAGE (an image fallen and marred by sin ever since Adam, our head and representative, sinned and fell).

The preceding facts and considerations bring me, dear reader, to the FIRST STEP.

Seeing from God's word that man has become a *fallen* creature, and through sin has forfeited the favor and *lost the image* of his Creator, it becomes us as rational creatures to enquire HOW God's gracious favor can be *restored* and His image regained. Man, since Adam's fall and disgrace, seeks to *hide* (like his father, Adam) from God; he wanders into the far country, in fact, goes anywhere (like the prodigal son), if he can only get away from God and from his restraint. But no, sinner, you *cannot get away from God*, for the Psalmist says, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me," etc. There is, therefore, *no escape* from God. Man possessing, as he does, his father Adam's *fallen nature*, does not love God nor His holy word or holy ways. Therefore, man (all mankind), by nature, "are born in sin and shapen in iniquity."—Ps. li. Consequently, man, in order to become an associate of God and an inhabitant of heaven, must be BORN AGAIN; and this, dear reader, is the *first step* on the way to God and glory.

The Two Musts.

In the third chapter of John's Gospel we meet with the little word "*must*." First we find it in the seventh verse of the chapter, where Jesus says, "Ye **MUST** be *born again*;" and again we meet this little word in the fourteenth verse where Jesus speaks of the Son of Man being lifted up.

Dear reader, let us notice briefly the importance of the *first must*. My reader may be like Nicodemus, inclined to ask the question, "How can these things be?" or you may be ready to ask, "why must I be born again?" If so, my friendly reader, I hope, with the Holy Spirit's assistance, to help you out of your difficulty. You are aware, I hope, from reading the preceding pages that you have *lost* the image and nature of God, and are, therefore, out of communion with Him, and also are "*condemned already*" and under sentence of *death*. If unsaved, my reader this is the very ground upon which you stand, and which at any moment may *open its mouth* and let you drop *into hell*. If you do not love God, or His house of prayer, or His holy word and day and people, you could not enjoy heaven, and would feel unhappy on the street of PURE GOLD. By nature and birth all mankind comes into the world as children of the *first Adam*, and are begotten in *his image*, and possessing, in greater or less degree, his evil

nature and propensities. The *first man* (our head and representative) stands *condemned* and under sentence of *death*, and there, my reader (if unsaved), is just where YOU stand. Your very heart and nature is enmity against God, and "desperately wicked and deceitful above all things." In this fearful condition you are "a child of wrath," and hastening ever onward to the "*day of wrath*" and fiery indignation which shall come from the presence of the Lord and *consume* the wicked who obey not His counsel and reject His grace. My friend, if unsaved, your condition is *alarming*, for *death and hell are on your track*, and Jesus says "Ye MUST be *born again*." With a nature so *averse* to God and holiness you cannot be permitted to tread the GOLDEN PAVEMENT of heaven, for "except a man be born again he *cannot see* the kingdom of God."—John iii. 3. Therefore, unless you get a *new life* from God and a *new standing* before God, you can never share in the glorious society, rest, songs or joys of heaven. And this, my reader, brings me to the

Second Must.

In this same third chapter of John where Jesus says, "Ye must be born again," He also (in explaining to Nicodemus *the way of life*) says, "Even so MUST the Son of Man be lifted up," etc. Now let us consider for a moment why

Jesus *must* be lifted up. Taking for granted that you know this term, "lifted up," has reference to *His death*, we may at once perceive the necessity of His death for us or in our behalf. Mankind, as a rebel race, were under sentence of death; by sin man *forfeited life*, and in order to get back life and be re-instated in God's favor, an *accepted* substitute *must die* in the room and *stead* of the guilty. This substitute must himself be "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners," (*i.e.* having no part in their sin or rebellion), and must also possess merit sufficient to atone for the whole guilty race of man. God, in looking over and amongst the bright hosts of heaven, could not find such a person amongst the angels, cherubims or seraphims, no, not one of sufficient power and merit in all this GLORIOUS HOST to come to earth and redeem and save poor *fallen man*. At last the loving and searching eye of the great "Father of Mercies" centered upon Jesus, His *only Son*. And in the person of Jesus He saw sufficient merit to *cancel a world's guilt*.

Wondrous Love.

God, rather than let poor lost man forever perish, emptied heaven of the *richest jewel* He could find, and took from His throne and crown the most costly diadem in order to redeem him

back to life and favor. "For God so LOVED the world that He *gave His only begotten Son* that whosoever believeth on Him should NOT PERISH but have everlasting life." Consequently, through the death (or blood) of Jesus, who was "lifted up" on the cross, *life—eternal life*—flows to every one who believes in His name and trusts in His shed blood.

Now, my reader, I hope you see how *life and favor* ARE RESTORED to poor sinners, even through the *death of Jesus*; for "He restored that which He took not away." Yes, poor sinner, there is life, even *eternal life*, for thee through the meritorious death of the Son of God.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abides alone, but if it die, it brings forth much fruit."

Jesus is, as it were, the corn of wheat that died, and by dying conquered the enemy, *bruised* for ever the old *serpent's head*, and brought forth much fruit.

God was *alone* in the great work of creation, and so also Christ "trode the wine-press *alone*." His OWN ARM brought salvation," and His holy hand hath "gotten him the victory."

Yes, thank God for *LIFE through Jesus*. The beasts of the forest *get life* through the blood and flesh of minor animals; birds derive life from feeding upon insects, etc., and man draws life (natural life) largely from the meats and

vegetables of which he partakes. Just so, my reader, spiritual and eternal life flow to us through the one glorious channel—the death or BLOOD OF JESUS. Therefore, in the *second must* the necessity of the *first must* is MET and filled and what God has demanded He has also supplied.

The Two Adams.

1 Cor., xv., 45.

My reader, by studying the fifth chapter of Romans and the fifteenth chapter of 1 Cor., you may readily see that Adam and Christ were both *representative heads*; and, my reader, such being the case, the world to-day is divided only into *two classes*, for all are either standing in the first Adam under condemnation and death, or are in the “last Adam,” and, consequently, “passed out of death into life.” Yes, all are either in Adam or Christ.

We find in Ps. lxxix., 4, that the Son of God came to *restore*, in fact, to “restore that which He took not away.”

Our father, Adam, was at one time very rich, he possessed great wealth and had lands, cattle, rivers, in fact, almost everything at his disposal and command, but through folly and sin he made a fatal mistake and left us (his children)

all poor. Then in shame he went and "*hid himself*" amongst the trees of his once blessed and beautiful garden. But blessed be God, the PRINCE OF LIFE has been looking down from the heights of glory and sees that man, once rich, has become bankrupt and miserably failed. His heart is moved to pity, and He enters into a "*council of peace*" (Zec. vi., 13) with His Father in behalf of lost and ruined man. He covenants or agrees (on behalf of man) to keep the laws, to endure its awful penalty, death, to "bring in everlasting righteousness" and to "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and to die "the just for the unjust," if God will accept Him as a "ransom for all." God, the great "Father of Mercies," is well pleased with the wish of His Son, and agrees, as it were (if the Son will do all this), to pardon and to bless with eternal life and favor all who will embrace Him as their Saviour among men.

Life Regained.

Consequently, Christ, by His death, has vanquished the enemy and brought "life and immortality" for the dead. And now every poor sinner who throws down the arms of his rebellion and trusts in Jesus' blood passes from a state of condemnation and death to a state of justification and life.

In Isaiah iv., 1, we read, "*Seven women shall take hold of one man,*" and, my friend, every poor sinner who TAKES HOLD of Christ (the "hope set before us" in the gospel) shall be lifted out of death into life. The first Adam left us in the poor house, the second Adam purchased for us a mansion in glory. The first Adam got us into difficulty, then ran away and "hid himself;" the second Adam comes and "RESTORES that which he took not away," and then goes up and "appears in the presence of God *for us.*" The first Adam sends us adrift from Eden's gate to wander, but the second comes "to seek and save that which was lost." Dear reader, I love to think that we may one day *get back* through Christ all that we lost through Adam and sin. You may remember how Job got *twice as much* possession at the end as he lost or had before; even so, I hope one day to *regain* (through the redemption that is in Christ, my Saviour), all and *more* than I have lost through Adam's folly and my own, for, glory be to God, "where sin abounded grace did *much more* abound."

Is my reader a poor-drunkard? If so, I have good news for you. Throw down your cups, for I rejoice to tell you that you may *get back* through Jesus all you lost by sin and folly. You may have squandered a once happy home, and driven a loving mother or beautiful wife and children from its threshold to roam, but yet

I bless God for you there *is redemption* in Jesus, blood. And, poor drunkard, do you believe that Jesus has purchased FOR YOU a home in glory? Leave your cups, then, and fly to His loving arms ere it be *too late*. Or, my reader may be a broken-down merchant or once prosperous business man; but now the scene is changed, friends of other days pass coldly by, and darkness comes over you. If the foregoing is descriptive of your case, I beseech you be encouraged and cast your eyes upward to that bright home of LIGHT and LOVE where Jesus has purchased for you a possession. Or, my reader may be one who is languishing in pain, weakness or failing health, if so, I still say be comforted, for if you are one of the Good Shepherd's flock, you will *soon be well* and at home with the Lord.

God's children will be BEAUTIFUL one day, "for as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."—Cor.

Yes, Christ, our rich friend, has purchased for us a *better* inheritance than our father, Adam, lost, an inheritance which is "incorruptible, undefiled and that *fadeth not away*." Then let us take courage, press onward and ever bless God for the victories of the second Adam.

Tracing the Scarlet Line.

I have sometimes thought that man might never have found out *how much* God loved him had it not been for what happened in Eden's bowers. If man had never sinned and fell we might never know the height or depth of God's love. And, my reader, if you could get a ladder and climb right up to heaven and ask the shining host *how much* God loved poor lost men, their best answer and definition would be—"God SO LOVED the world that He *gave His only begotten Son* that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Now I am by the gracious aid of the Holy Spirit going to occupy a portion of my little book in tracing the *scarlet line* and in recommending the "precious blood of Christ" to poor sinners. God put the children of Israel *behind the blood* before He marched with them through the wilderness. And He told Moses and Aaron that that would be the "BEGINNING of MONTHS" Ex. xii. 2. Yes, the month or night the Israelites sheltered behind the blood was one of the most wonderful events of their whole history, and was counted with them as the *first month* of the year. That awful night *death passed by* and life was their portion in every home where the blood was sprinkled. So also, my reader, the moment a poor trembling sinner flees to the blood of Jesus he or she *begins to live*. My

friend, remember you have neither life nor salvation unless you have been sheltered by the blood. For God's word declares that "*the blood is the life*" and unless you have taken shelter and sought security (from coming wrath) through Jesus' blood, you are still exposed to death and you are "yet in your sins." Did you ever notice that almost everything *dates from the blood*, i.e. about the time that Jesus died? Even the infidel and Jew by the *date* they put on every letter are forced to acknowledge Christ "For to Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." So my friend (like the Israelites) in order that death may *pass over us* and *life* be our portion we must fly to the shelter of Jesus' blood. This to us will be the *beginning of months*, for here we shall find life and at once *begin to live*. When Nicodemus came to Christ He began with him by telling him he "*must be born again*." And Jesus began at the right place, for God's order is always—FIRST LIFE, then service. If you will get your Bible and turn to Ex. xxix. 20, you can see that Aaron and his sons (*before* their tabernacle service) had blood on their ears, hands, and feet. So my friend we can neither *hear* or *walk* or *work* for God until first our persons have been accepted through Jesus' shed blood. We can render unto God no acceptable service until *first* the existing breach is *healed* and sin *put away* by the virtue of a Saviour's blood. When the des-

troying angel passed over the land of Egypt the Israelite was not only *sheltered* by the blood of the lamb *outside*, but he *fed* on the roast lamb *inside*. And Jesus says: "My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed."

The Dying Naturalist.

Dr. Driver, in a sermon delivered in Chicago recently, related an instance of a skeptic's conversion. He said:—"A naturalist and a man of culture, who was travelling on the Pacific coast, was taken sick in the city where I was stationed, and went to the hospital for treatment. After some time it became evident that he must die. One evening after dark the physician in charge of the hospital came to my house and said: "Mr. Driver, I want you to come and see that sick stranger; he's going to die. I am not a professor of religion, but it makes me feel badly to hear him talk—he does not believe in the Bible or in Christianity." I had heard of the man's ability and felt reluctant to go, but a sense of duty impelled me, so I went with the doctor. Seldom have I seen a finer-looking man or felt a kinder grasp than he gave me. Seating myself beside his bed, I said: "Sir, you seem quite ill." Without apparent hesitation or concern, he said: "Yes; I am going to die." I asked, "have you the consolations of religion to

comfort you?" He replied, "I do not believe in the Bible, nor the religion it teaches. Nature is the altar at which I have worshipped; she has been my guide and teacher." "You speak of nature as a guide," I said. He replied, "Yes; she is infallible." Looking deep into his beautiful blue eyes, I said to him, "I, too, profess to have been educated in the same school; is it not strange that receiving our instruction from the same teacher, we should arrive at opposite conclusions? Certainly one of us has *misinterpreted* or the teacher has deceived us." He said, "it is not in the teacher." I replied, "The mistake then is in me or you. Now it is worth while to compare opinions! If I have misinterpreted I know I have done it honestly and desire to be corrected." He said, "That is right; I feel so, too." He looked very earnestly at me, and I asked, "In all your researches have you ever found a creature whose nature was opposed to its appetite?" After some hesitation he said: "No; such a creature cannot exist. With a carnivorous stomach and an herbivorous appetite, it could only live until it starved to death, and propagation would be impossible." "Are there any exceptions to this law?" He said, "No; none in the animal or vegetable world." I said, "you think you are going to die?" "Yes." "And that death will terminate your existence?" "Yes." "Now, answer me—have you not an appetite for something you have not

got?" "Yes; I want to live." "How long do you want to live?" Looking confused, he said, "I can't tell you." I said, "you must look to the utmost limits of desire and tell me where it is." With animation he said, "I can't." "May I assist you?" "Yes." "Suppose you could now be asured that you shall live until an insect by carrying away a grain of sand every thousand years, should remove the earth, would you *then* be satisfied with life?" He said, "no." "Do you know anything that would meet the demands of your nature?" In great bewilderment, he said, "no." "And yet you say that everything in nature teaches there must be. Now I am not going to say that my Bible is true or its religion true, but would this meet the demands of your appetite?"—and I quoted Christ's words, John, 6, 51. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if a man eat of this bread he shall LIVE FOREVER"—and his eyes flashed fire, and he said: "yes, it would—I have *misinterpreted* nature;" and he asked me to read the Bible and pray with him. I stayed with him till late at night, and *wonderful was the change*. I never saw him again alive.'

Words of Life.

Yes, dear reader, the dying stranger amongst strangers, and in a strange city, heard from God's Holy Book that Jesus was the "Bread of Life" of the which "if a man eat he shall *live forever.*" Now my friend by feeding on this bread you may live and *never die*, for Jesus is the bread that came down from God out of heaven to give life unto the world. In reading the book of Leviticus there is mention made of different offerings, as the sin offering, meat offering, peace offering, drink offering, &c.

Now I believe that all these offerings and types are just, as it were, so many *glasses* in which to trace and *view* our blessed Saviour. The Bible says that "Christ is all and *in all.*" And I find Him in all these offerings. I see Him in the sin offering as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." But God's children need more than the sin burden removed, they also need *food* for their heavenward journey and this they find in Jesus the true meat offering, for he says that "His flesh is meat indeed" and calls Himself "the Bread of Life." I also behold Jesus in the peace and drink offering for "He has made *peace* by the blood of His cross." Yes, peace for the ungodly, peace for the fallen, peace for the far-off, peace for the troubled and heavy laden for "*He is our peace.*" He may also be seen in the

“drink-offering” for He is the fountain of living waters for thirsty souls, and He says “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink,” and His flesh is not only meat indeed, but His “blood is *drink* indeed.”

The Offering Perfect.

My reader, I expect you are aware that the lamb or offering presented by the Israelite had to be *perfect* and unblemished. The offerer himself often had many failings and imperfections, but his sacrifice and substitute had to be without blemish. I have often found *comfort* here when I look into my own heart and life and discover so much depravity and imperfection. I have a thousand times felt like hanging my head in shame, but when I come to think that the perfection *was in the lamb* and not in the Israelite, I have taken fresh courage. The Israelite was forgiven and blessed through his perfect offering or substitute—and even so the poor sinner who trusts in Jesus for salvation is both blessed and accepted of God. The virtue, beauty and perfection *are in Jesus*. And just as the Israelite came to the priest with his little innocent lamb, and returned to his home forgiven and blest of God, even so, poor sinner, I beseech you come to God the Father with Jesus (*God's lamb*) in the hand of faith, and you too *shall be blest*.

Naaman, the leper when he started from home to seek a cure took with him much gold and silver and raiment to purchase the cure, but the prophet would not accept of his gold or reward. Just so, methinks God must often be deeply insulted by those who try to purchase the "*gift of God*." Some offer money for salvation; some offer a reformed life; some a few days' work; some a little penance, &c. But, my friend, unless you bring GOD'S LAMB which He Himself has provided, you shall be sent *empty away*.

Jesus is God's lamb, for He is the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." And, my reader, you and I are better off than the Israelite. The Israelite had to find a lamb or substitute to die in his stead and to atone for his sin; but thanks be to God because Christ the "*One offering*" has come to earth and given Himself an offering for sin, holy and *acceptable* unto God for us. As in the case of Abraham and his son Isaac, the Lord *Himself provided* a lamb for an offering; so also in our case, the "God of all grace" and the "Father of mercies" has Himself provided *the Lamb* (His own Son) for us. And now we can just come bringing *Jesus* in the *hand of faith* and God the Father will receive and bless us for *His Name's sake*. Joseph in Egypt on one occasion told his brethren that if they came back without Benjamin with them that they should not see his face. The father Jacob told the boys to take a present

in their hand, and go down for more bread, but the boys knew that it would be *useless* to go down *without Benjamin*. And, my friend, it was a good day for them when they took Benjamin along. Yes, then a feast was prepared for them at Joseph's house, and they were *embraced*. So also we must ever come to God only *with* and *through* Jesus. And "He is ABLE TO SAVE them to the uttermost that come unto God *by Him*" —Heb. vii. 25. He says, "no man cometh unto the Father but *by Me*."

1. The sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne ;
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.
2. The sprinkled blood is telling
Jehovah's love to man ;
While heavenly harps are swelling,
Sweet notes to Mercy's plan.
3. The sprinkled blood is speaking
Forgiveness full and free ;
Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for me.
4. The sprinkled blood is owning
The weak one's feeblest plea ;
'Mid sighs and tears and groaning
It pleads, O Lord, with Thee.
5. The sprinkled blood is shedding
Its fragrance all around ;
It gilds the path we're treading,
It makes our joys abound.

6. Oh, wondrous power that seeketh
From sin to set me free ;
Oh, precious blood that speaketh,
Should I not value thee ?

Caroline Grantham, London, Ont.

The Hand of Faith.

Before leaving the offering, I wish my reader to notice the fourth chapter of Leviticus how frequently allusion is made to the Israelite *putting his hand* upon the head of the victim which was about to be offered. Also in the sixteenth chapter notice how Aaron put his hands upon the head of the goat, thus putting the sins of the people upon an innocent victim. This is a beautiful type of God putting our sins upon His own spotless Son who bore them all away.

In the city of Toronto one day last summer, a man wanted to know from me why any person was lost, if Christ had died for all ; and why were some not benefited. I drew his attention to the Israelite putting *his hand* on the head of the offering, and explained to him that by so doing he identified himself with the offering, and so *got the benefit* of its death. This seemed to help him at once out of his difficulty, and I hoped God blessed my few remarks to his soul. I also explained how the Israelite got no benefit unless he put his hand upon the head of his offering. Just so, my friend, God in love and pity

has Himself FOUND THE RANSOM and provided the offering—for all. But while He has done so none get the benefit unless those who place the *hand of faith upon Jesus*. Now, I hope by this illustration that you can see why it is that some perish and go down to hell, while others are blessed with life and salvation and go up to dwell with God. God, in the sacrifice of His Son, has made provision sufficient for the salvation of the *whole world*, but while He has done so, none reap the benefit but those who, by faith, *embrace* the Sacrifice, and *lay hold* of the hope set before them by a loving God. All who continue to *reject* the remedy shall miserably perish. Reader, have you put the *hand of faith* upon Jesus—upon His bleeding brow and owned Him as your Saviour and Lord? If so, give praise unto God, but if you have yet refused and neglected so great salvation, I entreat you, at the awful peril of your soul, do so no longer, lest thou *forever perish*. Some talk in a careless manner about the doctrine of “election,” &c., and say “if I am to be saved I will be saved, &c.,” but I wish to warn all such against trifling with the grace of God. I believe it is about the most terrible sin under heaven for a man or woman to *trifle* with the grace of God. My reader, remember, death entered every home in Egypt where the blood was not sprinkled; and just so, death eternal *will find you* if you do not accept of Jesus and flee to Him for salvation.

The sacrificial lamb was brought *every morning* and *evening*; also, it was cut to pieces—OPENED UP. Now we may learn a beautiful lesson from these two facts. First, let us come before God every morning and evening in prayer, having the Lamb of God with us, having His sacrifice in the arms of our faith, and while on our bended knees before God in prayer, let us take to pieces (*i. e. open up*) the wonderful sacrifice; or, in other words, let us *spread out the merits* of Jesus, before God, for every part will stand inspection, and bear the closest scrutiny. The liver, kidneys, &c., of the offering were laid bare before God, and all must be perfect. Oh, my friend, I am glad we can come before God with a *perfect offering*, even Jesus, “the Lamb of God.”

The Tabernacle.

Leaving the offering on the burnt altar, next we come to the laver. The foot of the beautiful laver was made out of *looking-glasses*, so when the priests came to wash in the laver, they could also discover any uncleanness, and here they also washed. The laver to me is a beautiful type of God's word—the *Bible*; for it not only tells us of the “fountain opened for sin,” but also discovers to us our imperfections and failures. The law is like *so many glasses* revealing our sin, and the gospel like a *beautiful fountain*, to remove the stains. Like the priests, let us come *daily* to

this divine laver, that we may discover our need, and also have it remedied at the *fountain head*. Next comes the Tabernacle. I am struck with the beauty and *significance* of all this divine plan and arrangement. 1st, the Altar (or Sacrifice), 2nd, the Laver, and 3rd, the Tabernacle. Now remember God's word says these were "*figures of the true*"—Heb. The altar with its sacrifice—type of the Cross, with the Crucified One. The Laver came next in order—type of God's cleansing word; then came the Tabernacle—type of Heaven. And thus on our heavenward journey, we first begin with the offering—Jesus on the cross; next we meet with the laver—God's word, and here we find a *chart* with WAYMARKS to guide us home. On going into the tabernacle, we observe a great curtain stretched across it, called the vail. This divided the tabernacle into two apartments, one of which was called "the holy place," and the other the "most holy."

In the Most Holy or "Holiest" was found or placed but *one* piece of furniture, viz:—the *Ark*. The Ark held a pot of manna, Aaron's rod that budded and also *kept the law*. And upon the Ark was placed the mercy seat. I love to think that the mercy or *gracious* seat was *above* the law and *covered* it. Yes, Glory to our God, "grace reigns" and mercy rejoiceth against judgment." The Ark was a type of Jesus who entered *alone* into the holiest and "obtained redemption for us," also like the Ark, Jesus *kept the law*; "He

magnified the law and made it honorable," and by thus keeping the law and enduring its penalty He has become "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."—Rom. The High Priest went into the holiest once a year to make atonement for sins, he entered that holy apartment—"not without blood."—Heb. And, my friend, we can never enter the courts of God's holiness unless by virtue of Jesus' blood.

The vail which like a partition divided the large tent into two apartments seemed somewhat like a *closed door*. The vail was perpetuated in the temple and was there when our Saviour was crucified, but just as he expired the vail in the temple "*was rent* from the top to the bottom." It seemed as though the mighty conqueror thought the way was closed long enough and just in his death struggle tore the vail aside and set before poor sinners and captives AN OPEN DOOR by which they might enter into the liberty of the children of God. Yes, praise God, the prince of life and glory has defeated the prince of darkness and set before poor captives an open door and *way of escape*.

We might also notice that there was *scarlet* in almost everything about the Tabernacle. Scarlet in the priest's robe,—scarlet in the curtains—scarlet in the vail. And let us learn from this the prominence we must ever give to *Jesus' blood*. Let us sign all our petitions with it, let us breathe it in our prayers, and mingle it in our hopes and *weave it in our songs*.

The American Bank Note.

My attention was drawn to the fact, some time ago, that the American bank note had in it a *scarlet thread*, since that time I have seen it in some of the \$5 notes. This I was given to understand was one test of its genuineness. Just so methinks, my reader and myself will soon have, to pass the *solemn test* before the judgment seat of Christ and if then we are found without the *scarlet line* of the gospel in the window of our hearts, we shall be cast aside as *counterfeits* or "weighed in the balances and found wanting." Yes, unless our sin-stained robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb we shall never pass current when the Master "makes up His jewels." The "precious blood of Christ" is not only the *scarlet line* of the gospel, but connected with its types is the LIFE LINE of the whole Bible. It permeates the word of God to the very core and makes it a *living* word. Take the blood of type and antitype from the Bible and my hope is gone. This *crimson vein* flows in the prophecies, throbs in the epistles and pulsates from Genesis to Revelations. In Genesis we find man *clothed* with skins of beasts. He got his Eden coat through blood. Yes, the innocent victim bled ere for man a coat was found. In Exodus we find man *sheltered* in his home from death by blood. In Leviticus we find man enjoying the privilege of *atonement* through the

shedding of blood. And so the stream of crimson beauty flows onward until we reach the great antitype, and here we find a *bleeding* Saviour in the four opening gospel narratives. As we proceed further the stream seems to get deeper and wider, for in Paul's epistle to the Romans we find provided for man a free *justification*; in Ephesians *pardon*; in Colossians *peace*; in Peter *redemption*; in Hebrews *santification*, and in Revelations A SONG. Yes, my reader, in the last book of the Bible we find the redeemed in Heaven singing about the blood. And they sang a new song—"unto him who loved them and washed them from their sins *in his own blood*." "And they overcame—by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. xii.

The Red Light Signal.

Dear reader, I have been trying to tell you a little of God's love and *gracious* disposition towards his fallen creature, man! But I wish you also to know that God is *just* as well as *gracious*, and "will not be mocked." Remember the blood has *two cries*, and will call either for your salvation or condemnation. If you trust in it and plead it before God it will call for your deliverance, but if you reject it and thus "trample *under foot* the blood of the Son of God," rest assured it will cry out for your everlasting destruction.

In crossing the railway track in London this evening, (Aug. 12, 1889,) I noticed the *red light* signal along the track. This was hung out to warn the public that there was *danger* on the track. Just so, my friend, if you are travelling on the road that leadeth to destruction, God has in love (not in anger) hung out the *red light* to *warn* you and if possible to *save* you from eternal death and ruin. He tells you in His word of the "fire that is not quenched" and of the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," etc. This is the red light signal in God's word, and if you will not take warning you *alone* are to blame. God has cleared himself of your blood, for he not only *warned* you of your danger, but also provided a *way of escape*. Now, my friend, (if unsaved) I beseech you flee at once to the open arms of Jesus and find rest on his gentle breast.

I believe it will be a fearful thing to go down to hell from a land of Bibles, Churches and Ministers. Yes, it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah at the judgment day. If my reader is one who is trifling with the mercy of God in Christ, and thus "despising the riches of His grace," I *warn you* that unless you repent your portion shall be the "*many stripes*" and the "*sorer punishment*" spoken of in God's word—I advise all my reader friends to abandon at once every sinful practice, as drunkenness, tobacco, swearing, gambling, *self-abuse*,

fiction, tight-lacing, dancing, etc., and seek and find in Jesus "*rest unto your souls.*"

Christ's Pasture-Field.

My reader, if you are one of the Good Shepherd's flock, your privilege now is *food, service and growth*. The food, or rather the husks, which you once fed upon, when unsaved, will not satisfy you now. No, you want better food now, even "the sincere milk of the word, that *ye may grow thereby.*" Thank God, the Good Shepherd has provided *good food* and GREEN PASTURES where His sheep and lambs can find both *rest and food*. Christ calls His people His "*sheep,*" but the unsaved are classed with the "*swine.*" Now sheep and swine are two very different animals in their ways and tastes. The swine delights to be in the dirt and mire, but a sheep loves the clean and fresh pasture. So also, the unsaved find enjoyment in things which are low and base, but all true children of God want *better food*. The Bible then is the Good Shepherd's *pasture field* for his flock. And here they "hear his voice and follow him,"—here He goes before and gently leads by the still waters and green pastures. In this pasture are found *variety* to suit different tastes. If you are fond of *Geology*, go to Genesis. If you want *History*, go to the Kings or glean in

the wonderful history of the Israelites. If you want *Poetry*, go to the Psalms or Solomon's Songs. If you like *Biography*, read the lives of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but above all of Jesus, for it is the most wonderful biography ever written. If you love *Botany*, then go study the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." And if you must have some *Astronomy*, go and gaze until you fill your eye and soul with the "Bright and MORNING STAR." Yes, here you find, as it were, a picturesque landscape where the scientist can explore, the poet sing and the weary rest. Here are found "wells of salvation," "meat for strong men," and also "milk for babes." Yes, glory be to God! even the *babes* are not forgotten, for the Good Shepherd "gathers the lambs with his arms and carries them in his bosom."—Isa.

I believe a good plan is to read the Bible systematically. Suppose you read a chapter every evening in the Old Testament and also a chapter every morning in the New. And be sure you take it out of the face. I find this a good plan, it helps to create and also to keep up an interest in the Word. Child of God, do not neglect your Bible or your closet prayer, or you will very soon become *lean* in spirit, and the Good Shepherd will feel grieved to see one of his flock so *lean* and *weak*. The Bible might also be compared to a *telescope*, for through this divine telescope God's children catch visions of

their far-off home and sight frequently the FIELDS OF GLORY and *streets of gold*. Yes, God's children are *far-sighted*, they take a longer range than their more worldly neighbors. And the Bible is also and truly GOD'S LOVE LETTER to poor man; to the careless and scoffers it is a *sealed* letter, for they see no beauty in the Saviour of whom it speaks that they should desire him. The unconverted love not this holy book, but prefer instead the trashy novel or story. Man, by nature, is lost and in the *dark*, and God puts this lamp (the Bible) into his hands to *light* him to the skies. Reader, can you say in truth "Thy word is a *light* unto my feet and *lamp* unto my path?"

Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou are mine,
Mine to chide me when I roam,
Mine to guide to *heaven my home*.

Many Lives Lost.

I believe that thousands of young people, for want of timely caution and knowledge, undermine their health and hasten themselves to *untimely graves* by an evil practice generally know as "*self-abuse*." Parents, pastors and seniors, from a false modesty, do not warn their loved ones of this evil, therefore it goes on, and consequently *thousands* every year fill

early and untimely graves, or else drag out a few wretched years of existence. I have known several young persons whose health was undermined, their strength sapped and their usefulness greatly curtailed, all on account of early folly and indiscretion. Would to God that parents and teachers had more moral courage to warn their loved ones of this great evil. It is generally indulged in under the sable mantle of night when God's balmy sleep should seal the eyelids and restore the energies. If any of my dear young readers are guilty of this sin, I beseech you as a real friend to abandon it *at once* and forever, for if you do not, remember an *early grave* or else a few miserable years of infirmity and woe shall be your portion. Now, I hope that God will own and bless my advice to some.

The Wedding Garment.

In St. Matthew's Gospel we read of a king who made or prepared a marriage feast. He sent out servants to invite guests to his feast, but many made excuses, and others, we are told, *made light of it*. And, my reader, that is just what the world is doing to-day. God, in love, has, at great sacrifice and expense, prepared a FEAST for a lot of poor beggars. He has taken the richest treasure and jewel from His store in

order to make the feast *satisfying*, full and *free*. And after all this lavish expense and sacrifice of love an ungrateful world turns its back upon God, and *makes light* of the invitation. Like the king in the parable, God has been at the *whole expense* himself, and man, the poor beggar, had neither share nor part in the outlay. God spread the great supper or GOSPEL *feast* at his own expense and now proclaims, through His word and servants, "*all things are ready.*"

Just here, my reader, I wish to remind you that it was customary among the Orientals of the east who had wealth, to provide, not only the feast, but *also the garment* or apparel which the guests should wear while present. And this is like GOD, who has provided *both* feast and robe.

Now let us take a glance at the guest who was at the feast but had not on the wedding garment. This man seems to me to represent a host of professing Christians, for we find him *amongst* the other guests, and really *at the table* with the rest. And I believe this man represents thousands of our church members to-day; for many identify themselves with the house and people of God who have never been *born again*, or led to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I fear many sit down at the Lord's table who have never really seen their *nakedness*, and so have been led to seek "*white raiment*" in Christ. Remember this man was

at the feast. Just so, my friend, you may have on a good moral cloak of profession, and pass for a Christian amongst the children of God, but unless you *have Christ* "formed in you the hope of glory," you are still in danger of hell, and, like the man in the parable, may soon be "bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness." Now, observe, this man was not cast out on the *ground of character*, for we learn by the parable that both *bad and good* were welcome. You may say, "If he was not rejected for bad character, *why* was he put out at all?" Well, my friend, he was condemned simply because he had not on the *wedding garment*. The garment, as I said before, *was furnished* as well as the feast, and this is the reason that the man was *speechless*. He could not plead poverty, seeing that *both* feast and garment were *free*. All the guests had to do was to *put on* this outer garment as they entered the hall or ante-room. This man neglected to do so, and we see the sad result. Perhaps he thought or reasoned with himself that *his own* clothes were good enough, or he may have said, "I am too ragged to put on this clean and beautiful robe," and so ventured in without it. This is like the sinner, he thinks he is either good enough *without Christ*, or else too bad to come to Christ, and remains unsaved.

The American War.

I read an incident in connection with the American war which serves my purpose here very nicely.

When enlisting for the army service, every man had to put on the *regimental uniform*. In some cases a poor hod-carrier would come along; well, he would take off his old lime and mortar bespattered clothes and put on the army uniform; presently a *well-dressed* gentleman would also step up, having on, perhaps, silk hat, velvet suit and kid gloves, but he had to *strip* as well as the poor hod-carrier, and put on the same army uniform. Both had to *strip* alike and put on the *same* regimental uniform. And in like manner we must all (moral and immoral) come to God as *naked sinners*, and be clothed *with Christ*, who is the true robe and uniform of heaven.

Dear reader, I hope I have made it plain to you. Sin has covered us with shame, and all our own righteousness is "as filthy rags;" therefore, we are by nature unclean and unfit for the presence of God. But God has in pity, and out of his kingly wealth, provided for us a robe, which is *resplendent in beauty*, and will stand the closest inspection; and this robe is the righteousness of Christ, or *Christ himself*, "the Lord our righteousness."—Jer. xxiii., 6.

Now, friend, do not sit down in your own

clothes, which are but a spider's web, but simply WRAP YOURSELF UP IN JESUS, for He is the true and real wedding garment, who alone can shield and *cover* you from divine judgment and wrath. Like Paul, be "found in Him," or like the Psalmist, David, who said, "Thou art my *hiding place*."

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

A Fortune—Gold Found.

Some years ago, when gold was discovered in California, men set out and travelled hundreds of miles, and endured severe hardships in order to share in the treasure. Not having the facility of railways, as at present, some took oxen and waggons and some provision, and in this way travelled for months, enduring privations, foregoing the comforts of home, bearing fatigue and often sickness, in order to reach the gold fields.

Now, my reader, I wish for a moment to draw your attention to a "more enduring" treasure. I suppose you remember me telling you before how our father, Adam, was once *very rich*, and possessed vast estate, in fact, almost untold wealth. But by his sin and folly he incurred a great debt, mortgaged the whole estate and left

us in poverty. The *whole family* becoming thus involved and bankrupt, were never able to redeem the lost inheritance. But a *rich friend*, knowing and hearing of the great catastrophe and family trouble, came from a *far country*, and determined to lift the mortgage, redeem the inheritance, and *set the family up again*.

This rich friend spent a fortune, and endured a great deal of sorrow, privation and suffering, before he could redeem the lost estate. At length he accomplished it, and to secure it legally to the family, he made a will, sealed it and ratified it by *his death*; and in the will he charged his executors to let all the heirs and family know, wherever they might be, in order that they might come and receive their share; and he had it so wisely arranged that no law process was needed to obtain it, but simply to prove their pedigree, put in their personal application, and thus have the legacy secured, get the first instalment, and by-and-by have the full possession.

And, my friend, this is but a feeble illustration of what Jesus has done, who is Himself the RICH FRIEND who came from a far country "*to restore that which he took not away.*"—Ps. And if you will turn to 1 Pet. i., 4, you will see that He has purchased for us a *better* inheritance than our father, Adam, ever owned. And I thank God this blood-bought inheritance *cannot* be lost, for it is *reserved in Heaven*, so that the devil can never set foot upon it. He could get into the

garden of Eden and cause trouble, but thank God, he cannot set his foot on our heavenly estate because it is reserved for us IN HEAVEN.

Our earthly homes soon fade and begin to look old as the years roll by ; but Jesus has purchased for all who make Him their Saviour a home that shall *never fade*. Let us just read the text : " An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved Heaven for you."—1 Pet. i., 4.

Man, by nature, wants to have something which he can call his own; he wants inheritance. The little boy wants a calf or lamb or a colt, and the little girl wants a hen or a doll or something she can call her own. The young man toils for years, he hews down the forest, he crosses the seas, he works in the mine, and braves the heat of summer or the storms of winter, in order to get a home or a possession which he can call his own. Would to God that young men were half as anxious to secure the *true riches* ! My reader, there are some beautiful features and attractions connected with the inheritance of my text. Its *locality* is good, being reserved *in heaven*, here no malaria, no fever, no chill, no stormy blast or evil foe, can ever reach it. No, it is beyond and *above* the storm cloud and lashing tempest, and far removed from the turmoil and diseases of earth. Again, its *climate* is salubrious, invigorating, delicious ; no consumption or fever can hold out

against the health and purity of its lovely atmosphere. The air is so balmy that winter *never comes*, and no frosts ever wither its UN-FADING FLOWERS. It is continual summer, and, consequently, the trees yield not only "twelve manner of fruits," but produce twelve fruitages in the year. Again, its *water* is pure. In many towns of our land the water is impure, and sometimes genders disease by its use; but in and through this inheritance flows a "pure river of *water of life*." There is no disease engendered or death incurred by the use of this water, for it is water of *life*. Again, in this world we sometimes have bad neighbors and poor citizens, so that we would often like to be away from them; but, bless God, in this reservation in glory the neighbors are good, in fact, about half of them *are angels*, and the other half just as good.

And in conclusion, my reader, please notice this inheritance is reserved in heaven for *the children of God*. Now, if you are a *child of God*, this beautiful inheritance, with all its attractions, is FOR YOU. But if you have not, and will not, come to Jesus for pardon and life, then remember your portion will forever be "*the lake of fire*." Which shall it be, my friend, heaven or hell? Which? Oh, my friendly reader, in ending this chapter I ask you to come away to the STREETS OF GOLD and find sweet, happy rest forever for your weary soul.

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light ;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
Marching onward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Beautiful heaven where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir ;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

The Books Opened.

In the book of Revelations is found an account of the books being opened, and the dead being judged by the things written therein.

One winter, some years ago, I spent a few months in a general store, and I frequently entered accounts in the merchant's account book. And many of the customers ran up a long account on the debtor side, but some of them (in the way of trade) had very little to show on the credit side of their account during the year. For, remember, every account must have a Dr. and Cr. side. And the merchant expects these

two sides to be *balanced*, or made equal, at least once a year. Some customers do not trouble much about the credit side of their account, if the merchant will only allow them to get plenty of tick on the debtor side. But pay day comes round at last and finds many unprepared to *settle their account*. Then trouble, and, perhaps, the sheriff or prison goes in pursuit of them, Methinks how thankful these persons would now be if some kind and rich friend would step in and settle or balance their account and let them go free.

My friend, you and I have got deep into God's books, and our sins far exceed and outweigh our righteousness, so that we have really become bankrupt, and cannot pay a single cent to the dollar. "Our iniquities have gone over our heads," so that we are unable to balance our account, or to meet the mighty claim. What is to be done? The judgment day is fast approaching, death is on our track, and the books will soon be *opened*, and our account with God investigated. What is to be done? Yes, the great Judge of all the earth will soon ascend the throne of judgment; the earth and seas will flee away from His presence, and the nations will stand before His then awful majesty and power; and then the books shall be OPENED and judgment begin.

In these books, I expect, "every *idle word*," every lie and oath, has been noted down, and

every secret sin and evil deed, even every unholy lust, thought or desire.

My friend, how is your account with God? Are you able to meet God's claim upon you? Can you *balance* your account? If not, I ask the question once more: What is to be done?

Many treat God as if He were such a one as themselves. They think that by a little penance or amendment they can get *square* with God. They suppose they can cancel the past by the amendment of the future, and thus balance their account. But to such I would say: "Paying future accounts contracted with your merchant would never liquidate past indebtedness, or meet past claims. Paying future responsibilities will never undo past failures; therefore, you can never get *square* with your Maker in this way.

Now, I will tell you MY PLAN. I found out a few things. First, I found I had got *very deep* into God's book; second, I discovered that I was bankrupt, and therefore could never *balance* my account; and lastly (glory be to God!) I learnt that Jesus had been to the office and SETTLED for me. So my account stands as follows:

DR. SIDE.

Oh, my sins !
My sins !
My sins !
"Who shall deliver
me ?"

CR. SIDE.

The blood of Jesus
cleanseth from
all sin.
"Jesus Christ the
Lord."

I should have filled the Cr. side with *my own* coin, but, being bankrupt, God filled it Himself with *heaven's gold*, and so *balanced* my account. Glory be to His holy name.

A Ladder up to Heaven.

I know not how many steps were in the ladder that Jacob saw ; but I think it was a lovely dream for the weary traveller as he lay on his pillow of stone, to see a beautiful ladder reaching from *earth to heaven* and shining angels upon it. Jesus said (see John), "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending *upon the Son of man*. Consequently, Jesus is himself the medium of access to the Father, or in other words, the *divine ladder* which spans the heavens and reaches all the way *up to God*. Man all down through the ages has been trying to find a way or ladder to mount to heaven and soar aloft

beyond the sorrows of earth. And we find poor lost man STILL BUSY *making ladders* and contriving ways to get at last to heaven. Some try one plan and some take another, until every one seems to have discovered a way of *his own* to reach the celestial city. But, alas! man with all his efforts *can never bridge* the awful gulf that sin has made between a holy God and rebel man, his fallen creature. Man's rebellion and sin so effectually *closed the way* that all the angels in heaven with their united powers could never open it. And if "ten thousand times ten thousand" angels cannot open the way to heaven it is *useless* and impossible for weak man, with an arm of flesh to attempt the hopeless task. Some try to reach heaven and gain God's favor by morality and conformity to the law. But, my friend, the only chance of getting to heaven by the law is to *keep it perfectly* all—yes, *every moment* of your lifetime upon earth, for if you offend in "*one point*, you are *guilty of all*"—(James). God's law is "holy, just and good," methinks it is a perfect key which will fit any of the gates of pearl, but, my friend, remember you have *broken the key*; now, with this broken key to which you are clinging you can never gain an entrance through the gates of pearl. The holy law of God has become in your hand as I said before, a *broken key*, and instead of letting you into heaven and recommending you to God's favor, it has just

the opposite tendency and commission for it *bars you out* as a transgressor and shuts the lovely gates against you as a rebel forever. No angel hand has power sufficient to open heaven for you. No, my friend, only one hand can let you in, and that is the *pierced hand* of Him "who openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."—Rev. God's divine law demands that you "love God with all your heart, soul, strength and mind, and that you love your neighbor as yourself," or *as much* as you love yourself. Have you done so? Have you *all* your life thus loved God and loved your neighbor? If not, my reader, thou "*art weighed* in the balances of the sanctuary and art *found wanting*."—(Dan.)

But I do bless God, that he himself has devised a plan and brought about a "new and LIVING WAY"—(Heb.)—whereby the gulf, which stood between God and man *has been bridged*, and the breach of the law healed so that now poor lost man *can return* and find a way back to God.—And that way is Jesus, for He says, "I AM THE WAY."—(St. John). Yes, Jesus is the *only way* to God and glory for he has declared that "no man cometh to the Father but *by me*," and moreover He says in the book of Revelations (1-18). "I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and *have the keys* of hell and death." Therefore, seeing that Jesus is not only *the way*,

but also *has the keys*, it is vain for any sinner to try to get into heaven unless *by Him*. In another place He says, "*I am the Door*, if any man enter in by Me he shall *be saved*." And in conclusion, my reader, remember he or she that seeketh to "*climb up some other way is a thief and a robber*." For if it was possible you should get into heaven some other way, you would be *robbing God* of the glory of your salvation and this He can never permit. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest, *by the blood of Jesus*—by a new and *living way*."—Heb.

The New House.

By reading II. Cor. v. 1, we may see that our bodies are called an "*earthly house*," and, my friend, you know a *clay house* is liable to fall or *crumble* in a few days ; when you feel weakness or sickness or infirmity, remember these *are signs* that the *clay house* in which you live is beginning to totter and may *very soon come down*. Are you getting ready, then, to MOVE INTO THE NEW HOUSE? If not, I beseech you make all possible *haste* to do so, for God and judgment are at hand and "as the tree falleth so shall it lie." Then my reader :

"Prepare to Meet Thy God."

Stars for Your Crown.

In the book of Daniel we read, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

My reader, everybody wants to *shine*. Whether in law, medicine, science or divinity, we find that man aspires for fame, and desires to gain honor and the esteem of his fellowmen. The student pores over his weary tasks late into the night, and often overtakes both brain and nerve in order that he may one day rise to a position of honor and shine in society. Alas, my friend, these honors often *perish in a day* and are soon forgotten by the world. But, thank God, by doing good and turning many to righteousness we may gain eternal reward and *shine as the stars forever*.

All God's children should be "careful to *maintain good works*, for "your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Even a cup of cold water given for Jesus' sake has promise of reward; therefore, I wish and counsel my reader friends to ever abound and be fruitful in good works and holy deeds. By laboring for the Master we can "*lay up treasure in heaven*," we can *increase* our reward and DECK OUR CROWN. Yes, child of God, rest assured that "your labor is *not in vain* in the Lord."

Be on the look out for opportunities to win souls, to warn sinners and to preach Christ.

Scatter Gospel tracts visit, read, and pray with the sick, and work till Jesus comes.

I read a beautiful incident of a dear little girl who won A STAR for her crown. A young lady was preparing for the dance hall, and, standing before a large mirror, placed a light crown ornamented with silver stars upon her head. While thus standing a little fair-haired sister climbed into a chair and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus: "Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown!" Said the little one: "I was looking at that and thinking of something else." "Pray tell me what you are thinking about." "I was remembering what my Sabbath School teacher said, that if we saved sinners by our influence, we shall win stars to our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown I wished I could save some soul."

The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation; the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the dance. She left the hall at a seasonable hour and returned home, and going to her chamber where her little sister was sleeping, imprinted a kiss upon her soft cheek, and said: "Precious sister, *you shall have a star for your crown,*" and, kneeling at the bedside, offered a fervent prayer to God for mercy. Thus, "a little child shall lead them."

Yes, my reader friends, now is our *seed time*, and eternity will be the long reaping time. And the scripture saith, "He that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully, but he that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly."

I sometimes think that heaven is like a bank, and I believe some have more treasure laid up in this bank than others, and consequently shall have *more reward* on the day of reckoning. For, while salvation is FREE, yet God "shall reward every man *according to his works*." And "as one star differeth from another star in glory, *so shall* be the resurrection of the dead."—Cor. Let us who are the children of God be sober, watchful and prayerful, lest the Master come and find us *unready*. Make up old quarrels, pay old debts and seek to be *always ready*, for the Master may come at an hour when we least expect Him.

My reader, if you are a Christian, don't be content to go to heaven alone; oh, no, *don't go home alone*, when there are so many whom you might invite to go with you. If you have any brothers or sisters or schoolmates, just ask them lovingly and kindly to "*come to the streets of gold*." And if you have none of these dear ones whom you can invite, then just ask any friend or stranger to come along to the golden city.

If you lead *one* soul to Christ, that one may lead others, and they in turn may lead others,

and thus, by God's help, you may set a little stream in motion that will *flow on* when you are gone, and so even when dead, "*your works may follow you.*"

My Own Experience.

My reader, I shall not attempt anything like a history of my life, but will merely touch a few points and then pass on to the *inner life*.

My childhood days were spent in Wellington County, Ontario. Here I first saw the light of day, and entered upon a pilgrimage which has up to the present been one greatly chequered with sorrow and joy. Sometimes my pathway has been surrounded by bright flowers of hope and success, and again it has been shrouded in darkness where the shadows have lain in close and almost unbroken lines, and "*deep waters*" abounded on every side. Most of my years have been spent amidst rural and rustic scenery, and thus I have had frequent opportunities of catching the melody of the bird from the forest and field, and admiring the beauty of the rose and flower in the garden and by the wayside; and also of drinking the plaintive music of the winter's blast and the attractive beauty of the summer landscape.

Amidst these early scenes of chequered beauty my mind frequently took flight from

nature up to nature's God, and thoughts of a better land, and visions of and longings for a better country, betimes found a lodgment within my breast.

Childhood and schooldays having passed, I once more took up my books, and started out to try and paddle my own canoe. I spent about a couple of years teaching school, also a few months in a general store, but owing to poor health was compelled to abandon both. The past few years have been spent pretty much in travelling and selling books. God has helped me to get out several small books previous to this one, several thousand of which have found their way into different hands and homes, and that the blessing of the Holy Spirit may attend the perusal of their humble pages is my sincere desire and prayer.

Now, my reader, although I have been a slow scholar, yet I have learnt a few things by the way. One of the first lessons which I learnt, with sorrow, was, that I was a *condemned* and miserable sinner. Sin often seemed to permeate my whole being and this inherent evil and "root of bitterness" greatly fouled and ruffled life's current for me. Yes, I early found *my name* written in the Bible and that has been my name ever since—sinner. But blessed be the God of all grace, I trust that I am now a *saved sinner*.

I remember one morning travelling not far from the city of Guelph, (June 20th, 1882), and

this morning I was in trouble and perplexity about my soul's salvation and my many sins. It was early in the morning and while walking along the road and feeling sad as I proceeded I noticed a little grove of trees a short distance ahead of me, so I resolved within myself that when I reached the grove I would tell all my heart to God in prayer. But, bless His name, before I got to the grove a "still small voice" seemed to whisper on the morning air,—"*Jesus has done it all, He has settled with God about your sins.*" Joy and comfort at once sprang up within my breast and when I reached the grove I sought its peaceful shade and upon my knees I thanked God for salvation *through Jesus*. Yes, my friend, "*Jesus did it all.*" None but He can save, and no arm but His can bring salvation. For the benefit of my readers, I wish to mention a few things, by way of Christian experience. I have found out that in order to *enjoy* a calm and happy Christian walk, we must *live near* to God, and "lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset us." Many who bear the name of Christ are like the disciple of old—they follow "*afar off*," and consequently are weak and *lean* in spirit and frequently *lose sight* of the Master altogether. I know this is the case by my own past experience.

Therefore, having had to bitterly regret my own and frequent failings, I wish to admonish

others, and to urge upon all the necessity of a *close walk* with God. Remember there are "WEIGHTS to be *laid aside*" in order to successful running or happy inward experience. Let us not forget that the "*little foxes spoil the vines*" and dead flies steal the savor from the ointment. I remember on my travels, some years ago, staying over night in an humble cottage; bedtime having come, I was sent to sleep with the son. He was a young man, apparently about seventeen years of age, and seemed to have deep religious impressions. He made a remark during the night which I have never forgotten. He said "that he never liked to do anything on which he could not ask God's blessing." He was only a poor boy working (I think) in a saw mill at the time. During the early part of the night I asked him what business he would like to follow. He said that he would like to preach the gospel if it was God's will. A few years after, I happened to be travelling in the same neighborhood and this young man was then teaching school, and shortly after, when he had earned a little money to help him, he went into the ministry.

So, my reader friends, I advise you all to adopt this young man's rule—"Never do anything on which you cannot ask God's blessing." It would be a good thing if all Christians would adopt this rule and let it run through their lives and all their actions. I hope many of my

readers will test their actions by this wholesome rule—if you cannot ask God to bless your *tobacco*, then I believe it would be better and safer to give it up. If you cannot get down on your knees and invoke the blessing of Heaven either upon your pipe, cigars, cards, novels or liquor, then I advise you most positively to *give them up*. I will here relate an incident which occurred in my own experience. I am very fond of FLOWERS, and one evening while going along the street of the city I noticed in a shop window some very pretty artificial roses. I stepped into the shop and looked at them and thought the imitation remarkably good. I thought one or two of these roses would look smart on my coat, (you may laugh if you like) so I made a purchase, and shortly after found myself in my room, and preparing for bed. Before retiring to my bed I knelt in prayer, but alas! me, a coldness and emptiness of heart came over me so that I could not pray. Then the *artificial roses* rose up to chide me for *pride* and vanity. I arose from my knees, seized one and burnt it on the flame of the lamp, so I knelt again, but prayer was still a failure. I could not find liberty as at other times, so I arose from my knees again, got the rest of the *sham* roses and burnt them right smart. I hope some of the young ladies will profit by this experience. If you are alive to God, the wings of faith and love will serve your highest interests

much better than artificial flowers or *dead birds'* wings and feathers. If you can enjoy all the vanity and fashion of the worldling, I fear you are still "*dead* in trespasses and sins," for remember "*A dead fish* always floats along *with* the current." My reader, are you dead or alive?—Which? If we are "*alive* unto God" let us seek to nourish that life which the Holy Spirit has implanted, by prayer, reading God's word, etc. I find a very good plan is to read the Bible systematically—say you read a chapter every evening in the Old, and a chapter every morning in the New Testament. And be sure and take it out of the face or in rotation. Then you will become more interested and, if I mistake not, you will find the Bible to you as a *new book*. And as you read let your desire ever be "*I would see Jesus*," for remember, he lives and breathes in the prophecies, presides in the chronicles and histories, walks in the gospels and epistles, and is himself the *hero of the story*.

In Prison.

Sometime after the morning of joy and blessing, when Jesus met me near Guelph city, I got thrown into *doubting castle*, where I was made a prisoner for a few days. Now, I want to tell you how I got there, and also how I got *out again*.

One Lord's Day a preacher of the Gospel in his sermon told his experience and conversion. He related what a terrible time of darkness and awful convictions he passed through before he got saved. Then I understood him to say to the audience "that if we had not a *similar* experience we had never been saved." I left the hall reflecting, and somewhat uneasy in mind. I began comparing my *convictions*, before conversion, with the preacher's, and seeing that they were not so alarming or terrible, I began to fear that I had not passed through *conviction enough* for sin, and perhaps was still unsaved.

These considerations threw me into a state of fear and doubt, and for some time I was much cast down in spirit, lest after all I might yet be unconverted. I took my burden to the Lord in prayer and spread out my case before Him, pouring into His ear all my doubts and fears, and earnestly entreated that He would, in some way, guide me in this matter and send relief. And surely He heard my prayer, for, shortly after, while sitting by the wayside, still in doubt and fear, I took from my satchel or pocket a little religious paper, and in it I read a narrative which was blessed of God then and there to my soul, and was used by the Holy Spirit to turn my captivity into joy. Hoping that the repetition of the narrative may do someone else good, I will here relate it;

The Wonderful Pass.

"One cold, wintry night a poor Irish boy stood in the street of Dublin—a little city arab, homeless, houseless, friendless. He had taken to bad courses, and had become an associate of thieves, who were leading him on the broad road to destruction. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary, and appointed him to meet them in a certain street at a certain hour. As he stood there, waiting, shivering, and cold a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark. He could only see a tall form standing by him, and he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said, 'Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? Such as you have no business in the streets at so late an hour; go home; go to bed.' 'I have no home, and no bed to go to.' 'That's very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a home and to a bed if I provided one?' 'That would I, sharp!' replied the boy. 'Well in such a street and at such a number (indicating the place), you will find a bed.' Before he could add more the lad started off. 'Stop!' said the voice, 'How are you going to get in? you need a pass; no one can go in there without a pass. Can you read?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, remember that the pass is JOHN III. 16; don't forget or they won't let you in, JOHN III. 16. There, that's something that will do you good.' Joyfully the lad rushed off, repeating

his lesson, and soon found himself in the street and at the number indicated, before a pair of large iron gates. Then his heart failed him, they looked so grand. How could he get in there? Timidly he rang the bell. The night porter opened, and in a gruff voice asked, 'Who's there?' 'Me, sir. Please, sir, I am JOHN THREE SIXTEEN,' in very trembling tones. 'All right, in with you; that's the pass,' and in the boy went. He was soon in a nice warm bed, and between sheets such as he had never seen before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep he thought, 'This is a lucky name; I'll stick to it!' The next morning he was given a bowl of hot bread and milk before being sent out into the street (for this home was only for a night). He wandered on and on, fearful of meeting his old companions, thinking over his new name, when heedlessly, crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over. A crowd collected; the unconscious form was placed on a shutter and carried to the nearest hospital. He revived as they entered. It is usual in Dublin hospitals to put down the religion as well as the name and address of those admitted. They asked him whether he was a Catholic or Protestant. 'Sure he didn't quite know. Yesterday he was a Catholic, but now he was JOHN THREE SIXTEEN.' This reply excited a laugh. After his injuries had been attended to he was carried into the accident ward. In a short time his sufferings

brought on fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and of trepeated, 'JOHN III. 16 ! *It was to do me good, and so it has !*'

"These persistent cries aroused the other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see to what he pointed. What could he mean? and here one and there another read the precious words, '*For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.*' ('It was to do me good, and so it has,' the sufferer cried.) When those poor sick folk read the tender words, and heard the unconscious comment, '*It was to do me good, and so it has !*' the spirit stirred within them, and the Holy Ghost used that text then and there to the conversion of souls. There was 'joy in the presence of the angels of God' over sinners that repented. The sovereign power of God, the Holy Ghost, used this ONE TEXT from the lips of a poor ignorant boy, in that hospital ward, and souls were saved.

"Consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him! how vast it looked! and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said, 'JOHN THREE SIXTEEN, and how are you to-day?' 'Why, how do you know my new name?' 'Know it, you have never ceased with your JOHN THREE SIXTEEN, and I for one say, *Blessed John Three Sixteen!*' This sounded

strange to the little lad's ears. To be called 'blessed,' he for whom no one cared. 'And don't you know where it comes from? It is from the Bible.' 'The Bible, what's that?' The poor little waif had never heard of the Bible, that blessed book, God's word to man. 'Read it to me,' he said, and as the words fell on his ear he muttered, 'That's beautiful! It's all about love, and not a home for a night, but a home for always.' He soon learnt the text, saying, 'I've not only got a new name, but something to it!'

"Days passed on, and there were changes in the ward, but our little friend never felt lonely; he *fed* on his text and its precious words.

"Another soul in that ward was to be won to Christ by his means, and now in simple conscious faith he was to be the agent of blessing. On a cot near him lay an old man who was very ill. Early one morning a nun came to his bedside, and said. 'Patrick, how is it with you to-day?' 'Badly, badly!' groaned the old man. 'Has the priest been to see you?' asked the nun. 'Oh yes, but that makes it worse, for he has anointed me with holy oil, and I am marked for death. I'm not fit to die—oh, what shall I do?' 'Patrick, it's very sad to see you so,' she gently answered. 'Look! here are these beads; they have been blessed by His Holiness, the Pope, and they will help you to die happy'. She placed them around the man's neck, and then, wishing him good-bye, went out. But

how could a string of beads ease a dying man facing eternity with his sins unforgiven? Poor Patrick groaned aloud. 'God ha' mercy,' he cried; 'I'm such a sinner; I'm not fit to die. What shall I do? oh, what will become of me?'

"Our little fellow heard his miserable words. 'Poor old man,' thinks he, 'he wants a *pass*.' 'Patrick,' he called, 'I know something that will do you good—quite sure—it has done me.' 'Tell me, tell me quickly,' cried Patrick. 'If only I could find something to do me good.' 'Here it is! Now listen, JOHN III. 16. Are you listening?' 'Yes, yes; go on.' 'JOHN III. 16. *For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*' Through these words Patrick found peace in his dying hour, and entered into everlasting life—another soul brought to Christ in that hospital ward by means of a single text blessed by the Holy Spirit. Our little friend recovered. For long JOHN THREE SIXTEEN was his only text. God blessed his simple faith; friends placed him at school, and now he is an honest, hearty worker for the Master."

How Relief Came.

While reading the foregoing beautiful narrative, my attention was specially called to the lovely verse indicated by the little boy's *pass*,

John iii. 16. I read the precious words over and over again, and while so doing my doubts and fears gave place to gladness and joy, for not a word did I see in the verse about *long* or *deep* convictions—and yet the “Gospel of the grace of God” was there. I thank God for this *lovely verse* (John iii. 16), for I believe it has been used by the Holy Spirit to emancipate and comfort thousands of burdened spirits. My reader, if you are anxious to be saved, I beseech you, do not wait for either long or deep convictions, but hasten and come *just as you are*, for fear you might not live to see to-morrow. Besides, you have no promise that you will ever be saved after to-day, for God says, “*Now* is the accepted time and *now* is the day of salvation.”

Sin Compared to a Storm.

Sometimes a great storm sweeps over the land, leaving sorrow and devastation in its track. Telegraph poles down, houses unroofed, ships wrecked, trains delayed, traffic impeded, and communication interrupted. And, my friends, methinks this is a faint illustration of the effects of sin in the world. Like a deadly blast it first withered Eden's fair bowers, and from thence swept onward until it had reached and blighted every land and shore.

Many storms are *local*, affecting only certain

districts or towns, so that whilst one town or district is being lashed by the fury of the storm other towns are bathed in the beautiful sunlight and enjoying peaceful calm and quietude. Not so with sin's foul blast, every shore and city is subjected to its withering breath; no village or even rural hamlet is exempt from its touch as it sweeps onward, scattering sorrow and leaving death and ruin in its track. This tempest of sin has interrupted communication between God and man, it has broken up once happy homes and separated man and wife, parents and children, and it has made shipwreck of many valuable lives. But, dear friends, thank God—JESUS HAS COME UPON THE SCENE, and above the tempest's awful roar His voice is heard commanding the storm and saying to the waves, "*peace be still.*" With the arm of a mighty conqueror He rolls back the clouds, and the Sun of Righteousness breaks forth and scatters light upon the scene of woe. Yes, thank God, Jesus, from his glorious habitation, beheld a world in tears; He, by the loving and gracious consent of His Father, set out from His fair home to rescue the perishing. He braved the awful tempest, He pulled aside the dark curtains of night and came across the troubled waters to save the dying ones of earth. He healed the breach of the law (which man had made.) He bridged the gulf, restored communication and became Himself "*a hiding*

place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."—Isa. Then, sinner friend, you who are lashed and buffeted by the storm of sin and temptation, I beseech you flee to Christ, for remember, He is the ONLY REFUGE from the blast. Many get into false refuges, or, as the Scriptures put it, "*refuges of lies.*"—(Isa.) But, my friends, there is no safety out of Christ. In the days of Noah, when the flood came, I expect many fled to the mountains and caves, but the water kept rising until every cave and mountain was covered, and all perished who were outside of the ark.

Jesus The Ark.

And, my friends, Jesus is the Ark of Safety now, and He is the *only* safe retreat for a sinner in earth or Heaven.

As I said before, some get into *false refuges*, some think because they are in the church (church members) they are safe. Others suppose because they are honest and moral that they are safe, &c., but, dear people, unless you are *in Christ* (hid and sheltered in Him) you are still exposed to death and everlasting woe. In conclusion, my reader, I beg *you* to remember that Jesus braved the storm for thee. He could say, "*All thy waves and billows are gone over Me,*"—Ps. 42-7. And now I wish you to

Speak to Jesus and say to Him, "*Thou art my hiding place.*"—Ps.

Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,
Till the storms of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

The Heart Compared to a Garden.

"Thou shalt be like a watered garden."—(Isa.)

My friends, spring is coming and people will soon be working in their gardens. Some of you may say, "I have no garden to plant or work," but, my friend, remember the heart is like a garden and requires your daily attention. Very many neglect the garden of the soul until it is all grown over with evil weeds; such as self will, impatience, disobedience, profanity, &c.

The natural heart is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." It is like a "cage of unclean birds," but God promises to give a "new heart and a new spirit,"—(Eze.) And in this new heart God wants you to grow and cultivate fruit and flowers for Him, for yourself and for your neighbor.

Sin withered and blighted the once lovely Garden of Eden, and caused thorns and thistles to spring up instead of fruit and flowers. And

sin seeks an entrance into our hearts and like a withering frost or chilling blast seeks to destroy every holy desire that the Divine Spirit implants within the soul.

Now you know in order to successful gardening there must be sunshine, rain or dew, and the weeds must be kept out or they will choke (drive out the flowers.) And as in the natural world even so in the spiritual world. In order to bring any fruit to perfection in the garden of the soul we must live where the "Sun of Righteousness" can shine upon us from day to day, and where the heavenly breezes can ever fan and refresh us.

Little Foxes Must Be Kept Out.

King Solomon said, "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, &c.*" Now, my friends, we often let little foxes creep into our hearts and spoil the vines and "*tender grapes.*"—(Song 2-15.) Yes, the precious fruit of a new born soul is *tender* and easily damaged, therefore, it becomes us to be on our guard against the "little foxes."

Now, I wish to name only a few of them, so that you may watch and keep them out of *your* garden. One "little fox" is neglect of prayer, another is neglect of Bible study, another is neglect of work, &c. I might mention others,

but these three will suffice as samples of the rest. By neglecting prayer and the Bible the child of God very soon becomes *lean* and cold in spirit, and the garden of the soul suffers in consequence. The fruits of the Spirit and flowers of the renewed heart are "peace, joy, love, meekness, temperance, goodness, faith," &c., and these thrive best when watered every morning and evening with prayer and Bible dew. In God's Holy Book it is written, "Thy word shall distil as the dew." Now, dear friends, be sure and give your garden plenty of "*Bible dew*" and *closet prayer*.

Then you must also work in the garden; keep out the weeds, cultivate the soil, and strengthen the feeble plants. Be careful to cultivate as much *love, patience, meekness, &c.*, as possible, as these are very *rare* plants and hard to grow. If you succeed with these you will find them very nice for yourself and also for your neighbors.

The Master says, "*I am come into my garden.*" —(Song 5-1.) And, my dear friend, the Saviour may come one of these days. Have we cultivated any rare flowers for Him? If not, let us get to work at once, for surely the dear Master should have at least a few *favorite* roses from our garden. I know He is fond of *love, meekness, patience, &c.* Let us grow them for Him, and while so doing we shall ourselves feel their fragrance and our near neighbors shall catch the perfume.

He also calls the church His garden and sometimes He comes to "gather lilies," (Song 6-2), and takes a dear child or sweet babe home to blossom on high, where He surrounds it by better soil and sunnier clime than earth could give. Yes, He says, "*I am come into my garden.*"—(Song.)

Man's Ruin and God's Remedy.

My friends, if you will turn to Gal. 3-10, you will find the following words:—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." And I want you by these words to test yourselves, and to examine your chances of getting a place in Heaven; especially those of you who are moralists and building your hopes of Heaven upon your observance of the law. To all such I would say, leave no stone unturned, but pry deeply and examine well what chance you have by the law. And say you begin with the "Moral law" which is "*holy, just and good,*" for a Holy God could not give otherwise than a *holy law*. Now please test your past life by the "ten commandments," which were given on Mount Sinai, and see if you have "*continued in ALL THINGS*" written in this law. And, my friend, if you have not, your chances of Heaven on this line are *cut off* at once, for instead of

being (as you thought) a blessed person heavenward bound, you *are cursed* and on the way that leadeth down to death, and your "steps may soon take hold on hell."

If you examine yourself closely in the searching light of this holy law, you can scarcely fail to see that you are like a speckled bird, and as "an unclean thing" in the sight of Heaven and a Holy God. You may say, "I have led a good moral life, I have paid a hundred cents to the dollar, I have never cheated, killed or robbed anybody," &c. But, my dear friend, you may do all this and yet come *far short* of the spirit of the law of God.

The spirit of the law requires you to "love God with *all* your heart, soul and mind, and your neighbor as yourself." Now have you done this *every moment* of your past life? If not, you are again proven *guilty*, for it is written "He that offendeth in *one point* is *guilty* of all." (Jas.) Therefore, if you have not continued in *all* things, or if you have offended in "*one point*" you are "under the curse" and wrath of a Holy God. You are "weighed in the balances and *found wanting*." (Dan.) You (in God's sight) are a transgressor of His law and have *sinned* against your Maker; and remember it is written, "*The soul that sinneth it shall die.*"—(Ezek.)

Yes, my friends, the penalty of the law is death (the death of the soul), for the "wages of

sin is *death*." (Rom.) And thou who "retest in the law" art at this moment under *sentence of death*, and the curse in all its bitterness may soon burst upon thy soul forever. A violated law can never justify or save you; it can only condemn and curse you for "sin (and you have sinned) is the strength of the law," *i.e.*, it gives it *power* to imprison and condemn. Now I hope I have torn away your unsafe standing that you may be led to Christ.

The Remedy.

Now, if you will turn again to Gal. 3-13, you will see God's remedy for man's ruin. Here we find these words: "*Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.*" Yes, praise and thanks be unto God, the blessing or *remedy* lies near the scene of ruin and need, and this reminds me of the 3rd chap. of St. John, which states, "*Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.*" In this wonderful chapter (John 3), we are taught that man (having forfeited life by sin), must get a *new life* from God in order to see or dwell with Him. But as in the 3rd of Galatians, thank God, we find the *remedy* close at hand, *viz.*—In Christ *lifted up* on the cross. Yes, blessed be God! Jesus went up and hung upon the cross until He had "poured out His soul

unto death," and shed his precious blood in order that law and justice might be satisfied, righteousness brought in and sin forgiven.

And now since the law has been *magnified* and atonement made for sin God can be "*just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus.*"—(Rom.)

Sinner friend, you can get a *new life* from God, and a *new standing* before God by trusting in the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus. By nature, you are bankrupt, you are insolvent and your credit in the heavenly market is gone; henceforth you must come in the *name* and trade in the *wealth* of another (God's Holy One), Jesus.

If you *neglect* so to do and set aside *God's gracious remedy* for your ruin, remember your "*part will be the lake of fire,*" (flee to Christ).—Amen.

A Substitute For Thee.

Or sin, wrath and the sword on Jesus for thee.—(Proofs
Isa. 53-6, Ps. 88-7, Zech. 13-7.)

O, wondrous love ! O, mighty plan !
God's Son Himself became a *Man* ;
He took Man's *curse* and load of *Sin*,
That all the world might enter in.

On Him God made my sins to meet—
 The nails did pierce His hands and feet;
 On Him therefore the wrath did fall,
 And He atonement made for all.

He made—He called my sins His own;
 Therefore, for them He did atone,
 The wine press all alone He trod,
 And felt the flaming *Sword* of God.

R. C.

Sin Hated, the Sinner Loved.

“What is man that thou art mindful of him?”—
 Ps. 8-4.

Yes, ten thousand things all about us, from the shining sun in the zenith of the heavens to the remotest treasure buried in the bowels of the earth, go to prove that God is *mindful* of His creature man. In my short address I wish to bring *two facts* prominently before you, viz:—That God *hates sin* but also *loves the sinner*. You may think this a little strange, but I hope to prove it to your satisfaction. First, then, I will take you to the Cross and ask you to stand and gaze upon the “Man of Sorrows” (the Holy One of God) as He languishes in pain and cries, “My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?” Dear friends, remember God’s Son—His Holy One—had taken upon Himself man’s sin—man’s uncleanness and iniquity—that “abominable thing which God *hateth*.” So that the holiness of Divine Majesty turned away

from the sight, while the sword of justice fell upon the bleeding victim. Oh! what an awful thing sin must be in the estimate of a Holy God seeing that He had to hide His face from His own beloved Son while He bore it. Then, my friends, while we look upon the suffering Redeemer, let us get into God's mind about sin, and henceforth let us *fear nothing but sin*. Many make light of sin in these days of pride and worldliness; they have swift feet for the dance or theatre, but no feet or hands for the noble service of the Prince of Glory. To all such I would say—If you continue this, God cannot have you in Heaven as fit company for Jesus and angels, and must therefore put both you and your darling—*sin*—into the “burning lake.”

But, praise God, the Cross has *another voice*, and above the tempest is heard to proclaim—*God loves the sinner!* For while the Cross condemns and atones for his sin, it also becomes the ladder by which the sinner may climb to glory and to God. For here (at the Cross) we see strangely blended—mercy and judgment for here “*mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other,*” Ps. 85-10. My friends, nothing proves the evil nature of sin like the Cross, and nothing in earth or Heaven proves the love of God the Father like the Cross.

Now let us look or search for a few more

evidences to prove that God *loves* and “*is mindful* of man.” Well, methinks the glorious sun travelling across the heavens and spanning the sky in order to light our pathway from day to day is an evidence that God careth for us. And as soon as this lovely orb of light sinks below the western horizon, then the moon and stars shine forth and cast a silvery radiance about our pathway. Then when we feel tired, after a day of toil, our Father in Heaven draws around us the curtain of night and hushes us calmly to sleep, that our minds and bodies may be restored thereby and invigorated for the returning duties of a new-born day. Also the cattle coming down from “ten thousand hills” to serve us—the sheep with its warm fleece stands ready to wrap us therein, and the noble and stately horse is waiting to bear us (if need be) on the wings of speed—the fish from many waters come forth upon ten thousand tables and at ten thousand calls to subserve to our hunger and appetites. Fruits, varied, and in profusion, come from many climes to renew our energies and refresh our palates. The birds sing for us, the flowers bloom for us, the rivers flow for us, the ocean bears us on its bosom, and the plaintive music of the wind sings us to sleep in our quiet homes as we sit surrounded by friends and mantled by night.

The Earth a Packed Trunk.

Also the earth with its many treasures reminds me of a son who is about to leave home. His mother, in love and careful anxiety, begins to *pack his trunk*. She puts socks in one place, shirts in another, handkerchiefs in another, etc., and last of all, methinks, she has a nice Bible with her name written thereon, and this she also puts carefully, with a word of prayer, into his trunk, hoping it may be "A lamp unto his feet and a light to his path" while he is gone. And this is like God. He has placed in the earth (for us) some of His treasures—salt, one place, coal another, oil in another place. Gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, tin, etc., in other places ready for our service. If God had placed these things on the surface of the earth they would be in our way, also they would lose their valuable properties through atmospherical exposure, etc., herefore He has put them, as it were, in a "*packed trunk*," so that we may open the lid and have them fresh just when we need them. Yes, some of His treasures (for us) are in the earth, some in the sea, some in the air and some in heaven. I feel like exclaiming—O! what treasures and servants we have! Even the holy angels to attend us—O, how He loves! If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up to heaven and ask Gabriel how much God loved man methinks he would say—"God so LOVED

the world that He GAVE His only begotten SON that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3-16.

How to Get Strong, etc.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—ISA.

My friends I wish to speak to-day on—"How to get strong and how to keep strong."

Firstly, I wish you to remember that we must have *life* before there can be either strength or growth. A child must first be born before it can walk or do anything for its mother. So also, man must be "born again" and get life through Christ before he can render acceptable service to God. Firstly, then, let us see how *life* is obtained. Springtime is at hand and soon the farmer will be in the field scattering the seed upon the earth. Now, you know if the farmer let his seed remain in the granary and did not scatter it upon the earth there would be no crop or harvest. In order to have *new grain* and growth, the seed must come into *contact* with the earth. So also *man* (who by nature is "dead in trespasses and sins") in order to get life, a *new life*, must come into contact with Christ the living Head; for man apart from Christ, is dead in God's sight, for "He that *hath not* the Son of God *hath not life*."—(Jno.) The gardener goes into his garden in

springtime and he holds in his hand a small tender bud which he is about to *engraft* into a strong tree. The feeble bud if kept apart from the tree must perish, but if united to the tree, will soon begin to drink life and strength therefrom and in course of time bring forth fruit. And in like manner, my friends, we must be *grafted* into Christ the "Good olive tree" before we can have life, growth or fruit.

When the farmer sows his seed in the field it soon takes hold of the earth, and then begins gradually to *die away* after having given birth to the new shoot or plant. And this, to my mind, is a beautiful type of how spiritual life is obtained. Jesus said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and *die* it abides alone, but if it die it brings forth much fruit." It seems quite evident here that the blessed Lord had reference to His own death which was to be the source of life to many. Yes, my friends, through the death of Jesus thousands have been made alive, for in this case "*life out of death is born.*"

When the learned and religious Jew came to Jesus by night, I fancy he was surprised to learn from Jesus that he needed to be "born again" before he could see the Kingdom of God; hence we hear the enquiry from the anxious seeker, "*How can these things be*"? I am thankful to God that the Saviour did not leave him in the dark on this all important subject, but proceeded to explain how he could get

this *new life*. The Saviour brought up an illustration from the wilderness to teach the enquiring Jew how a man could be 'born again and get a new life from God. He told Nicodemus—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

The brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness was a grand type of Jesus being lifted up on the cross that the perishing might have life through His death. The bitten Israelite turned his languid eyes toward the serpent on the pole, and "when he *beheld* the serpent of brass he *lived*," and this is a lovely type of how perishing and dying sinners are saved—viz., by looking to Jesus, the Crucified One, as he hangs upon the Cross and bears man's curse and load of sin.

Now, my friends, we see that life can only be got by contact with the living one, *i.e.*, by faith in Jesus. Then, having obtained *life* through Christ, we must have the proper requisites to nourish and to strengthen this life. We must have FOOD and WORK. Peter in his epistle says: "*As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby.*"

As the *word* and the *Holy Spirit* are the two great agencies in the conversion of sinners to Christ, so also the two principal elements of strength and growth (both in the natural and spiritual world) are proper food and exercise.

Now I wish to say right here that many Christians are both *weak* and *sickly* by neglecting to take sufficient food and exercise spiritually, and by indulging some open or secret sin in their lives.

My friends, this ought not to be the case, seeing that our gracious Father has made ample provision to supply all our need. He has thrown open the treasures of His truth and grace, and invites us to partake abundantly that our "joy may be full."

Many who profess to be Christians spend far more time reading light literature and newspapers than they devote to the Bible. I advise every child of God to read a portion of God's word at least twice daily, say morning and evening, and be sure you read it out of the face. Begin at Genesis and read through to Revelations. When you get a letter you commence at the beginning and read to the end of it; also, if you become interested in a story you do the same—why not treat the Bible (God's letter) in like manner? Read it, my friends—read it until you see *how it comes out*. Read it until you *find Him* of whom Moses and the prophets did write. Read it over and over, until you see Jesus in every chapter, and trace in every book as the *hero of the story*.

Now I will tell you MY PLAN. Some time ago I resolved (as a general rule) to read each day a chapter in the Old Testament in the evening

and a chapter in the New Testament in the morning, and take them out of the face. And I am much pleased with this method, for I find this keeps up a beautiful connection of thought; also by following this rule a person will read through the New Testament about three or four times as often as the Old Testament. And I like this plan, as in this way we will get, say, one look at Moses, and three or four at Christ; one look at the prophets and three at the apostles; one look at the law, and three at the Gospel; one look at Mount Sinai, and three at Mount Calvary. Now just try this plan and I hope you will take a fresh love for your blessed Bible and find it as a *new book* to you. Be sure you take a drink daily of the "sincere *milk* of the word that ye may *grow* thereby." Milk is good for infants, also for those in the prime of life, and also for the aged and feeble. So likewise the "Bible milk," is good from the cradle to the grave. Feed on it, dear people, often, that ye may grow and become strong in the Christian life.

Prayer.

Prayer is another very fruitful source of strength. This element of spiritual food (like the Bible) is very much neglected. Thousands lie down at night without thanking God for the mercies of the day, and arise again in the morn-

ing without seeking His blessing and protection to follow them through the hours of the new-born day. My friends, this should not be the case. Let us take more food, especially "the sincere milk of the word," and prayer that we may renew our strength and mount up.

Exercise.

We must also have some exercise as Christians or we will soon become spiritual dyspeptics. If a man eats heartily at the table three times a day, but fails to take exercise he will soon become dyspeptic and diseased. So also in the Christian life, we may take plenty of food, but unless we practice (or work up) the wisdom gained we may expect to become *lean* rather than fat, spiritually. Let every Christian have some field of labor (a garden to work). If you cannot preach from the pulpit, you can hand a tract to a friend or stranger. If you cannot visit and pray with the sick, you may perhaps send them a flower or a Bible text to feed on—yes, we may all do something. Thousands have been converted to God by the inspired Epistles (letters) written by St. Paul. And we all have friends. Let us not forget to write them a letter occasionally, and let us be sure and send the name of JESUS in every letter and pray that like Paul's letters they may lead souls to Christ. Yes,

thank God, we may write, speak, sing, work and shine for Jesus in the world. Let us remember the "day is far spent and the night is at hand when no man can work."

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

The Bible—A Wonderful Book— And How to Read it.

DEAR READER,—After reading my Bible from Genesis to Revelations, I can truly say that it is the most wonderful book I have ever read or studied. Now I will tell you why I call the Bible "*A wonderful book.*" Well I may sum it up in a few words—It is wonderful because it reveals mysteries, and brings to us intelligence which neither art, nature or science could ever reveal or unfold. It is wonderful because it reveals to us a wonderful God, a wonderful Saviour, a wonderful Heaven, wonderful angels, wonderful love and a wonderful salvation. The Bible seems like a picturesque and lovely landscape spread out before me, with its stores of

wisdom, fields of exploration, wayside flowers, living springs and mounts of glory. And from these mountain tops I have frequently looked up from the mines of wealth which lay at my feet to the Bible sky which overarched my mental vision, and have beheld it radiant with stars of hope and promise. And, my friend, Jesus himself is the great centre sun in the theological heavens that scatters light over and gives beauty and design to the whole scene. To be sure there are *a few clouds* in the Bible sky, and these are intended to *warn* impenitent sinners of a coming storm which will (like the flood) swallow up every Christ rejecter and impenitent one. Yes, my friend, if unsaved the Bible warns you of a coming tempest which will devour the adversaries of the Lord. It declares—"Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone and an horrible tempest, this shall be the portion of their cup." Ps. 11.-6. Just as in the days of Noah the flood swallowed up all who were out of the ark, even so shall it be in the great and terrible day of the Lord when the "heavens are on fire and the elements melt with heat." Then all who are *out of Christ* shall perish forever.

But, thank God for the bright stars which shine out upon the Bible sky, directing poor sinners (like the star of Bethlehem) to God's Holy One—JESUS, who is the "hope and only refuge set before us in the Gospel." "For a man

shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."—Isa.

How I Read the Bible.

I generally read a chapter in the Old Testament in the evening and a chapter in the New Testament in the morning; and since I adopted this plan I feel like recommending it to others. I find by pursuing this course of reading the Bible that a person will journey about three or four times through the New Testament while going once through the Old Testament. And I love this plan because (as a poor sinner), I like and also need to take three or four looks at Jesus for one look at Moses, three looks at Calvary for one look at Sinai, three at the Gospel for one at the law, three at the Antitype for one at the type. Also I wish to read my Bible so that I can trace and see Jesus in all its books and types—Jesus in the altar, Jesus in the offering, Jesus in the laver, Jesus in the ark, Jesus in the person of the High Priest, Jesus in the "serpent lifted up" to heal the dying Israelites, and *Jesus the hero of the whole Bible story*. During the past ten years I have travelled considerable in Canada and the United States, and consequently have come in contact with a great

many individuals, and can assure my reader that I discovered that those who prized their Bible most were the happiest persons to meet, and had bright and glorious hopes in the future world through Christ their Saviour. On one occasion, I visited the Soldier's Home in Ohio, where they seemed to have everything in the way of flowers, shade trees, leisure, books, etc., to make them happy, but on speaking to some of them I found they were unhappy and discontented, notwithstanding their beautiful surroundings, and the secret was they *had not Christ* and were not guided by the Holy Book of God.

The Bible has stood the test of centuries and outlived every foul blast of persecution and infidelity, and it still marches onward, like the very breath of the Almighty, conquering and to conquer. The Bible has enemies who try to upset it, but it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it, it is right side up, and when you overturn it again it is right side up still. Every little while somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it always lights on its feet, and runs faster than ever through the world. The infidel, Voltaire, said that in less than a hundred years Christianity would be swept out of existence. A century has passed away—Voltaire has also passed away, and it is stated that his old printing press has

been used to print the Word of God; and the very house where he lived is packed with Bibles, a depot for the Geneva Bible Society. In 1880, the statistics of 80 different Bible Societies reported more than 165,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of scripture, with 206 new translations distributed by Bible Societies alone since 1804; to say nothing of the millions of Bibles and Testaments which have been issued by private publishers. Surely such a wonderful book is indeed the "*Word of God which liveth and abideth forever.*"

The Bible in Heaven.

And, dear friend, I believe the Bible is kept on file, as it were, in heaven, for see Ps. 118-89. "For ever, O Lord, thy word is *settled in Heaven.*" And I believe this will be one of the books that will be opened at the judgment, and I expect *memory* will be the other. God will see that the promises of His Word are all fulfilled, and its threatenings executed upon all who reject His Son. I believe it will be a terrible thing to go down to hell from a land of Bibles, ministers and churches. Yes, dear friend, who may chance to see these lines, I warn you to escape such a bitter doom. You shall

take your *memory* into eternity, and, if unsaved, it shall prey upon your soul like a never-dying worm, reminding you of a neglected Bible, a neglected Saviour, a neglected eternity, a neglected soul, and a neglected God. Dear friend, I counsel you to be wise in time and "*consider your latter end*;" if not, remember yours shall be the "sorer punishment" and "*many stripes*."

Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

Amid the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

The cares of life come thronging fast,
Upon my soul their shadows cast;
Their gloom reminds my heart at last—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

Let shadows come, let shadows go,
Let life be bright or dark with woe;
I am content for this I know—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

CHORUS.—Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.
What need I fear since Thou art near,
And thinkest, Lord, of me.

A Home—Over There.

They have reached the sunny shore,
And will never hunger more ;
All their grief and pains are o'er,
Over there.

And they need no lamp by night,
For their day is always bright,
And the Saviour is their light,
Over there.

Now they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And their summers always last,
Over there.

They can never know a fear,
For the Saviour's always near,
And with them is endless cheer,
Over there.

All their streets are shining gold,
And their glory is untold,
'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold.
Over there.

The Golden Time.

When is the golden time ? you ask,—
The golden time of love,
The time when earth is green beneath,
And skies are blue above ;
The time for sturdy health and strength,

The time for happy play.
When is the golden hour? you ask;
I answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand
Slips on the great world-sea,
As staunch as ever ship that launched,
To sail eternally.
To-day, that wafts to you and me
A breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad and large and free—
It is our golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face,
And gone as far away
As sands that swept the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on Yesterday,
Or tryst with her again;
Forever gone her toils, her prayers,
Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold,
May never come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill,
With gladness or distress,
No man shall clasp To-morrow's hand,
Nor catch her on the way;
For, when we reach To-morrow's land,
She'll be, by then, To-day.

You ask me for the golden time.
I bid you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work,
While yet you have the power,
To-day, the golden time for joy,
Beneath the household eaves;

To-day, the royal time for work,
For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day, the golden time for peace,
For righting olden feuds ;
For sending forth from every heart
Whatever sin intrudes.

To-day, the time to consecrate
Your life to God above ;

To-day, the time to banish hate,
The golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *The Golden Rule*.

The Down Line.

There is a railroad downward laid,
Which God the Father never made,
But it was made when Adam fell ;
What numbers it conveys to hell !

Six thousand years are nearly gone,
Since first this railroad was begun :
The road is wide, and smooth, and gay,
And there are stations on the way.

Apollyon is the engineer,
His coat of arms his servants wear,
His breath, the steam which drives the train,
The fiery sin which feeds the flame.

There is first, second and third train,
Are full of passengers within ;

The steam is up, the flag unfurled,
How quick they move to yonder world ?

There pleasure smiles, and fortune gay,
At every station on the way ;
The dress and fashion you may find
Of every thing and every kind.

The cheerful glass is drank with glee,
And castles and music you will see,
Both old and young, both rich and poor,
All standing at the station door.

Apollyon now begins to boast
Of numbers great, a mighty host,
Who are inclined their place to take,
And travel downward to the lake.

Oh, think on this while yet you may,
And stop your speed without delay ;
Oh, leave the train that leads to hell,
If you with Christ would ever dwell.

Lines composed on the Leicester and Birmingham
line, England, in 1828.

The Up Line.

The line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails were laid,
From earth to heaven the line extends,
And life eternal where it ends.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in ;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is Himself the way.

God's word is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear,
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, His breath the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train ;
All you that would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ—in Him abide.

There's first, second and third class,
Repentance, faith and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come, then, poor sinner, now is the time ;
At any station on the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

Now, if all these trains should by you pass,
And you are found in neither class,
When neither truth, nor fire, nor steam,
Can make you willing to get in.

Now, sinner, you will weep at last,
When heaven is lost and time is past,
The heavenly trains are all gone by,
And the sinner must forever die.

When all these trains at heaven arrive,
And all who died in Christ abide,
How sweet their voices—how they sing,
And praise their Great Eternal King.

The King eternal on His throne
Announces that the trains are come ;
With robes already to put on,
And Jesus said the words " Well done."



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